

For Growing-Ups



*God Bless and Protect
Our Country*



NEST

VOT
FOR
MAYO



Puppy Dog Contest Winner Named!

Read Page 29
NEW CONTEST
IN THE FALL

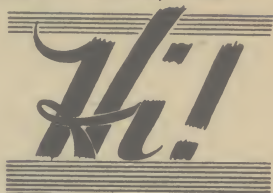
Watch the Fall issues of
Hi! Magazine for your
entry blank!

ANNOUNCING A Junior Christopher Summer Contest Details on Page 25

Vol. XIII

JUNE, 1953

No. 6



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What was the matter with the family anyway? Jerry wondered so disgustedly.



A Sister for Jerry

By DIANE GARDNER

THERE was going to be a June wedding in the McCauley family, and Jerry didn't like it. A sister for him, his brother Lawrence had explained. As if he wanted a sister! As if things hadn't been perfect the way they were. The McCauley brothers, everybody had called them, and Jerry had been included, too, even though he was a lot younger than Lawrence and Tom and Bill. Lawrence had just graduated from St. Thomas, while Tom and Bill were still in high school and Jerry himself had just finished the sixth grade. But the fun they had had together, the fun Jerry had planned for the summer at the lake! Swimming, and fishing and fooling with the motorboat, and some special coaching from Lawrence in preparation for the coming football season, that was what Jerry had planned. And now everything was ruined because of a June wedding and a girl named Estelle.

Estelle didn't have any brothers or sisters. Estelle couldn't catch a ball if you aimed it right at her. Estelle was scared to death of Jerry's white mice. She didn't know how to swim, and she had never baited a hook in her life. A swell sister she was going to be! "She still might change her mind," Jerry confided to his pet crow, Pepper, two days before the wedding. "Maybe she'll decide she doesn't want to marry Lawrence, after all. That would be something, wouldn't it, Pepper?"

Pepper's croak could be taken for "Yes" . . . if you wanted to take it that way. Jerry put the black, shiny-

winged bird on his hand and wandered into the house, right into all the whirling, topsyturvy confusion.

"Jerry, don't let that crow loose in the kitchen!" That was his mother, hurrying about, so excited she didn't know what she was doing. "Please take him into the other room, dear. The rehearsal's tonight, and they're all coming here afterward for cake and sandwiches. . . ." Her voice dwindled into an excited murmur as Jerry went into the dining room and shut the door behind him.

He saw Lawrence sitting quietly at the table, and a warm glow spread through him. Lawrence never seemed to stay still for a minute anymore. Rushing around, driving Estelle somewhere, picking her up . . . never having time to play catch or talk football, like in the good old days. Maybe, Jerry thought hopefully, they could forget about Estelle and that silly wedding for a while. Maybe he could show Lawrence how he had taught Pepper to climb up his fingers. Maybe Lawrence might even mention going down to the public court for a game of tennis. "Say Lawrence," he began eagerly, "I got something to show you. . . ."

"I've got something to show you, too." Lawrence was grinning like everything as he held out a thin gold ring that sparkled with diamonds. "How do you like it?"

The wedding ring . . . the ring that would make Estelle a part of the family! Jerry scowled at it, but he had to make his voice polite. "It's pretty nice, I guess. I hope you didn't pay a lot of money for it," he

Who wanted a sister . . . Jerry knew he didn't . . .

added, and Lawrence laughed.

"I bought the best I could afford. After all, it's the only wedding ring she'll ever have." He laid the ring carefully on the table, then clapped Jerry's shoulder. "Be pretty nice to have a sister, won't it?"

Jerry was glad that the sound of their mother's voice kept him from answering. "Long distance... hurry, Lawrence," she called, and both Lawrence and Jerry rushed into the kitchen toward the phone.

It was about the wedding, of course. Everything was about the wedding. Chris Murphy, who was to be best man, was to be driving up that afternoon, in time for the rehearsal. After Lawrence hung up, he and the rest of the family who had gathered round went over all the wedding plans again, just as if they hadn't gone over them a hundred times before. Jerry slipped away unnoticed and started to look for Pepper. He found him in the back yard, walking around the little cage he had built for him. He put him through his tricks, but it wasn't any fun especially.

After a while he took his tennis racket and practiced serving the ball against the side of the house. Three brothers, Jerry thought, and he might as well not have any! Even Tom and Bill were so puffed up over being junior ushers that they

weren't fit for anything. They had both biked off to get haircuts, and their talk as they whizzed by had been all about the wedding. What was the matter with the family anyway? Jerry wondered disgustedly. Why was he the only one who could see that having Estelle in the family was going to ruin everything?

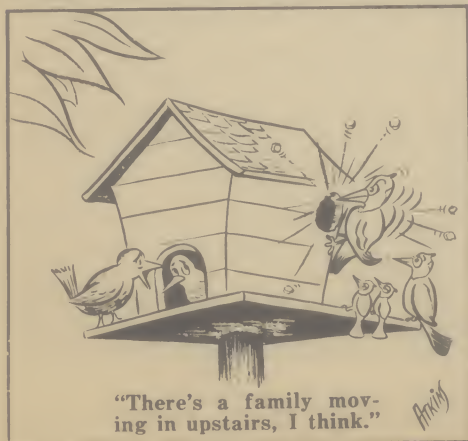
Voices were streaming through the opened windows out into the quiet yard. "Ask Jerry, he might know..."

"I don't think he would..." That was Lawrence's voice. "Jerry's been inside his shell all week. He doesn't know what's going on..." Lawrence, saying that about him! So Lawrence had guessed that he was pouting over the wedding. Well, let Lawrence know how he felt about it, let them all know! A silly, stupid girl who couldn't even catch a ball, why should anyone want her around? A sister, but he didn't want a sister, he wanted everything the way it had been, the four McCauley boys, doing things together, having fun.

"Gerald..." His mother called him Gerald only when something important was going on. "Gerald, will you stop banging that ball against the side of the house? We're all upset enough as it is. Lawrence can't find the ring..."

Jerry kept his face straight, but inside he was laughing like everything. The ring gone... now wasn't that something! Without the ring there wouldn't be any wedding! No Estelle, the four McCauley boys again... Jerry rolled on the grass, laughing to himself. That silly old ring had disappeared.

By six o'clock they still hadn't found the ring. The whole house had been turned upside down, every drawer taken out and emptied, put back and taken out again. "It has to be here," Lawrence kept repeating. "It just couldn't walk off." For at least the twentieth time he went through his pockets. "I just can't



understand it. I was talking to Jerry and. . . ."

"Well, I didn't take it," Jerry said. Somehow he was a little bit ashamed of the way he had laughed inside when he learned the ring had disappeared. Lawrence had spent a lot of money for that ring. Of course it had been a foolish way to spend it, but then Lawrence hadn't thought it was foolish. And he supposed Lawrence would be pretty disappointed if he couldn't marry Estelle. "You won't mind too much, not getting married, I mean?" he asked, but Lawrence didn't hear him.

Chris Murphy arrived, and he helped with the search. At seven o'clock, when it was time to start off for the rehearsals at the church, the ring still hadn't been found. "I'll have to buy another one," Lawrence said. "I had planned on getting something special for Estelle. . . something she's always wanted. . . but I'll have to buy another ring instead."

So there **would** be the wedding after all! Important as the ring was, it wasn't important enough to stop that! And now Lawrence was going to have to spend still more money. And he didn't have a lot to spend, Jerry knew that. It wasn't **his** fault that the ring was gone, he kept telling himself on the way to church, but somehow that didn't help. He had been glad it had disappeared. He hadn't helped look for it. And Estelle was going to be part of the family anyway, that part hadn't been changed at all.

It wasn't any fun, watching them rehearse with Father Everett. Jerry slipped outside and sat on the steps of St. Benedict's. He was still sitting there when they all came outside. "Why, Jerry, I was looking for you." That was Estelle, and she was actually sitting down on the steps next to him. "Why weren't you in church, watching us? I wanted all my brothers there."

She had missed him. . . she was already thinking of him as a brother! "I'll be there, at the wedding," Jerry heard himself say. "This was just practice."

"Of course. But the practice was necessary." The rest were getting in their cars, Lawrence was waiting for them at the bottom of the steps. But still she sat there, on the steps of St. Benedict's, next to Jerry. "I haven't had time to have a good talk with you, Jerry. There have been so many things to do. But I want you to know how proud I am to think I'll have three brothers." Her voice already sounded proud. "You know, I'm an only child, and I guess I'm pretty dumb in a lot of ways. Swimming, for instance, and fishing. If I had had a brother or two to give me a few pointers, I'd know a lot more about sports. But I'm depending on you to help me at the lake this summer. You will help me, won't you, Jerry?"

"Why sure, Estelle," Jerry gulped. "I'll be glad to. I can show you how to dog paddle first, that isn't hard. And I'll bait your hook, when we go fishing. . . ."

"I want to learn how to bait my own hook." She stood up, laughing, and Jerry found that he was laughing, too. Why, she wasn't so bad, he told himself, during the short ride home. Maybe she didn't know how to catch a ball, but she was willing to learn. And she was depending on him to show her how! Why, it might be fun to have a sister in the family after all!

While they were eating his mother's sandwiches and cake, they kept talking about the ring. Jerry kept thinking hard. Suddenly he had to stop a cry from pouring out his throat. Without saying anything to the others, he got the flashlight out of the kitchen drawer and went outside. He beamed the light on Pep-

(Continued on Page 40)



A tin trumpet — a bird whistle — what could it mean . . .

Josef Plays a Joke

By WILLIAM J. MURDOCH

SURELY he is joking," said the puzzled young man, speaking loudly to make himself heard above the murmuring and laughing of the crowd.

"He may be," said the woman with him, not at all troubled by the idea of an old man wanting to buy himself a few toys. "You know as well as I do that Josef Haydn dearly loves a joke."

"Yes, but my word," replied the other. He looked around as if to see whether anyone else had noticed their friend stop before the display of jumping jacks, popguns, dolls, horns, tops and other toys. "Suppose someone should recognize him?"

"And well they might," she retorted. "Isn't he Franz Josef Haydn, musical director to Prince Miklos?"

I want them for my
men, not children—

Only a week or so ago the newspapers were calling him 'the darling of our nation.'"

But no one else paid the slightest attention to the short, stocky man with the stern jaw and fierce eyebrows who was examining the toys in the display, picking up first a little tin trumpet and next a rattle. People were much too busy eating and drinking and joking and enjoying all the other attractions of the fair.

Only the shopkeeper, besides the little group of friends in front of the store, was interestd in him. "May I help you, good sir?" the fat toy vendor said cheerily. "Something for your grandchildren, perhaps?"

A smile lighted Franz Josef Haydn's dark, swarthy face with its dozens of tiny scars that remained from the dreaded pox of years before. There were brightness and good humor in his twinkling eyes. "Grandchildren? How I wish it might be so. But no!" he said.

"These," and he pointed to the trumpet, the rattle, several bird whistles, and others, "these I want, not for children but for my men."

"I beg the honored gentleman's pardon," said the shopkeeper.



His visitor's face was that of a peasant, and his manners were plain and simple, but his clothes were the finest and he had a certain air about him that assured one and all he was a person of unmistakable quality. "Did the gentleman say he wants these toys for his—his men?"

"If you will put them in a box for me," said Haydn. "Will you hurry, please? I have kept my friends too long already."

In another minute he rejoined them. They pushed their way through the throng of merrymakers. The heavy smell of freshly baked loaves and pastry, the delightful aroma of oxen and fat hens turning on the barbecue spits before sizzling fires, the careless elbows and feet of the crowds that pushed them this way and that and, above it all, the squeaking of the fiddles, the blaring of the horns and the squealing of the organs as they played happy folk tunes for dancers in a dozen different parts of the fair—this was a kind of life that Franz Josef Haydn knew and loved. He did not partake of it often any more.

For nearly thirty years Haydn had enjoyed a position of honor at the beautiful country home of the princes of Esterhazy near Vienna. As director of music for Prince Miklos, and conductor of the splendid Esterhazy orchestra made up of some of the finest musicians in all Europe, he had achieved great favor among the nobility. For their entertainment he wrote music—hundreds of pages, thousands of pages. Usually he was busy from morning to night, working with his music or waiting in attendance upon the people for whom he created it. No, he did not have much time any more to spend with these humble people whose native tunes had given him so many ideas for his beautiful compositions.

At last they got free of the crowd. Haydn was puffing; it was hard

work for him to toil through crowds like this, his legs were so short.

"I do not understand," complained the young man, brushing the dust and grime from his splendid coat and straightening the lace at his cuffs. "The director of Prince Miklos' orchestra, and you come away from a fair with a collection of silly musical toys. I cannot see the use—"

"It is of no matter whether you see or not," said the woman. She spoke to him too sharply for a sweetheart. She was an old friend, perhaps, or a sister. "I dare say this same director can put these toys to good use without your advice."

"Tut, do not quarrel, my young friends," Haydn chided them. "Good use? We shall see. But here is our carriage."

Early the next morning the musicians of the orchestra at Esterhazy were summoned hurriedly to an important rehearsal. They fairly gobbled their breakfasts and had just reached their chairs in the music conservatory, when their conductor arrived. His face was severe as usual, but that twinkle was in his eyes.

"He has been working," whispered one musician to another. "He looks pleased with it."

The latter nodded and rolled his eyes at the papers in Haydn's hand. "Could it be he was working half the night again? It must be a splendid piece of work to demand a special rehearsal."

Haydn passed out the music. He had indeed written it the night before, after he returned from the fair. There was nothing so very unusual about that, of course. He was one of the greatest composers of his time. Music poured from his pen almost like magic. There was scarcely a music salon, concert hall or opera house in Europe where his works were not played and praised again and again.

And yet this was a very unusual

musical work. As soon as he gave the men their copies, he had the instruments brought in. A penny trumpet. A quail call. A rattle. A cuckoo whistle. A screech-owl whistle. A toy drum. A triangle.

The men looked at Haydn in amazement and then at each other. Could he be serious? Was this the work of the famous Haydn? They put up their hands to hide their smiles.

Haydn rapped his music stand for order. "You will observe," he said dryly, "the music also calls for two violins and a bass viol. Attention, please. Ready—one-and-play!"

And play they did. The violins fiddled a merry bouncing tune, the stringed bass grunted good-humoredly, and here there and everywhere throughout the music the toy horns and whistles and rattle and drum and triangle tootled and tweeted and chimed and rat-tatted in the happiest manner. It was one of the gayest and wittiest musical treats ever to be heard at Esterhazy. The music sped along faster and faster—one musician laughed so hard he lost

time, and then another, and both quickly found their places in the music again so as not to miss a bit of the fun—until finally they all reached the last note together and threw back their heads in laughter.

Was it just a joke, this skip-and-a-hop symphony that Haydn wrote for toy instruments? Yes, that's all it was, a joke played by a great man who found time to have fun. He was without doubt one of the most important composers of his day, but he was one of the most human, too. His celebrated "Toy Symphony" shows there was mischief, as well as genius, in his heart.

Strangely enough, America grew up without knowing much about Franz Josef Haydn. The ocean was too wide, and there was no radio to bring the music across. For many years after his death Haydn was known in America chiefly by this cheerful little musical joke. Today, of course, many of his works—symphonies, quartets, and others—are widely played and loved in the United States. But ever so often, when an orchestra plans a concert for boys and girls, one of the selections on the program will be the famous "Toy Symphony"—the delightful toy treat Franz Josef Haydn planned for his orchestra while enjoying himself at a fair nearly 200 years ago.

THE END



Attention, please. Ready
now — one-two-and-play!



Tickets
to
Home

STOP!
VISIT THE MODEL HOME
FREE DRAW.
WIN THESE SKATES

Where there is a will there is a way . . . so Ralph and Ginny proved. And such fun they had!

GINNY and Ralph picked their way home from school along the rutted dirt road to their grandfather's farm, which was their temporary home while their father was gaining strength after a serious illness.

"A lot of good Aunt Edith's gift will do us here," grumbled Ginny. "Think of roller-skating to school on this road!"

"Oh well," Ralph said philosophically, "think how shiny and new they will be when we move into town."

"You mean 'if' we move into town," amended Ginny. "Unless Mother and Daddy take a big pile of orders for furniture at the model home these last two days, Daddy

won't get that salesman's job in Ritchie's Furniture Store."

"I know," said Ralph seriously. "Dad's a good salesman, but there just haven't been enough people looking round the model home while they have been in charge of it."

Ginny frowned. "If only we could think of some way to make cars turn off the highway and drive around the new survey, but they all go whizzing by too fast."

They walked in silence down the long lane to the farmhouse. Then Ralph suddenly grabbed Ginny's arm. "I just got a terrific idea!"

Ginny's eyes popped wide. "You did? What?"


Ralph's eager voice went on. "Tomorrow's Saturday, luckily; we'll have all day." He broke off. "Gran-nie's on the porch; I'll tell you later; don't say a word."

All through supper, Ginny sent questioning looks across the table, but her brother's face was a mask, and she had to content herself to wait until they were through the dishes and upstairs in the room they shared. Then, with the door closed tightly, Ralph unfolded his plan. . . .

NEXT morning, after their grandmother packed them a lunch, they loaded up a wagon they found in the barn with all their equipment and started down the farm lane.

At the intersection of Highway No. 46 and the sideroad leading to the new Glenview survey, they unloaded the wagon and set up their stand. Traffic was not heavy so early in the morning, but they worked in haste so as to have things ready when the usual Saturday flow of cars began passing by.

Soon they were done, and Ralph stood back surveying the stand with



You will find the model home down that sideroad!

Art by
MILDRED ANDERSON

satisfaction. Two orange crates stood upright, side by side, covered with red and green crepe paper, the only decorations that turned up in last night's search of the storage closet off their bedroom. On each crate stood a shiny new pair of roller skates; while, thumbtacked to the front of the stand, was a sign. The bold, black letters on white cardboard read: STOP! VISIT THE MODEL HOME. FREE DRAW. WIN THESE SKATES.

"That ought to make people curious enough to stop," said Ralph.

"I'd stop if I were driving along and saw that sign," said Ginny helpfully.

"Time will tell how many people do," shrugged Ralph. "Have we got enough tickets printed, do you think?"

Ginny fingered the stack of neat little cardboard slips, each numbered twice with the same figure, one portion to act as a stub.

"Oh, sure. We can always crayon more in a hurry if we need them."

The shrill honk of a horn made her jump. "Ralph," she whispered excitedly. "Our first customer! I'm scared,— you go talk to them." And she stood back while her brother approached the car.

A young lady rolled down the window. "What's all this about?" she inquired with a smile.

"Well, ma'am, it's like this . . ." and Ralph went briefly into an explanation about their needing people to visit the model home.

"But what about the roller skates?" asked the lady.

"We give you a free ticket; then tonight we'll ask my grandfather to pick the winning stub. In return, you visit the house; that's all."

The lady turned to the man behind the wheel. "What do you say, Johnny? Have we time? Even with our wedding gifts, there are bound to be other things we'll need. It needn't take long," she coaxed.

The man shifted the car into gear. "Sure, we'll go," he grinned. "Get your ticket."

Ginny handed over the top ticket from the pile, and Ralph, in a very businesslike manner, wrote the lady's name and address on the stub, tearing off the larger portion and giving it to the lady. Noting the out-of-town address, he added, "We'll mail the skates to you if you win; we promise."

Assuring them she and her husband would not breathe a word about how they came to drive down to the model home, or about the draw for the skates, they turned down the side road, waving back.

"Weren't they nice?" smiled Ginny. "I hope they buy lots of things, don't you?"

Before Ralph could answer, another car stopped, this time with an elderly couple in the front seat. Ralph told them the same brief story and wrote out their ticket, asking them, too, to keep the secret. A few minutes lapsed, then two cars pulled up one behind the other. And so it went all morning.

By noon there seemed to be a lull in traffic, and Ginny suggested they use the chance to eat their lunch. "Just look at that pile of tickets vanishing!" Ralph exclaimed as he straightened up the stand while Ginny set out their sandwiches.

Ginny snickered. "I was just picturing Mother and Dad. What a busy time they must have had showing people around. Do you suppose they'd wonder why the sudden rush today?"

"They probably would. I just hope they don't find out about this until the day is over though."

"Oh, I hope everybody buys things and Mr. Ritchie hires Daddy so we can get a house in town and go to that nice big school. . . . And use our new roller skates!" she added.

"Hold on!" laughed her brother.



Ginny fingered the stack of neat little cardboard slips, each numbered twice with the same figure, one portion to act as a stub.

"Remember, you won't have your new skates after tonight."

For a minute Ginny's face clouded, then she smiled. "You can't have everything," she said bravely. "If we get to live in Millerton, we'll have the roller skates to thank for it so we won't have to grumble."

"That's the girl," Ralph said approvingly. "Anyway, if we live in town we can get a paper route or cut lawns or run errands and earn enough for new skates."

"Or a bicycle! How about that?"

"Settle down! Don't be greedy," laughed Ralph. "Besides, we're not there yet, so we'd better do the job at hand and make some more tickets quickly. Come on and help."

They were kept busy until the sun began to dip and the air got a bit chilly. Just as they started packing up, a big black car slid up and a gray-haired gentleman got out. He

just stood, reading the sign, but ignoring them.

"Would you like a free ticket on these skates, sir?" Ralph asked politely.

But the gentleman did not answer; instead he asked, "What model home is this?"

"The one in Glenview survey, sir. Ritchie's Department Store has furnished it, and our mother and father are in charge there, showing visitors around and taking orders."

The man's face was serious, and he rubbed his chin. "Hmm. And why are you doing all this—" he waved towards the stand—"and giving away these skates?"

Ralph explained quickly about this being their own idea to get cars to stop.

As the man still hesitated, Ralph prodded him gently by saying, "Won't you have a ticket, sir?"

"Well — er, yes, I guess I will take a ticket, son. Matter of fact, I was going down that way." Taking a pen from his pocket, he took the ticket Ralph offered, wrote on it and handed it back.

"Thank you, sir. And please don't mention this to our parents, will you?"

But the man had turned quickly and was getting into his car. As he turned the corner, Ralph frowned. "I hope to goodness he won't tell. I don't think he heard me."

The ticket stub was still in his hand. He turned it over and read out loud, "'W. J. Ritchie, 47 Oak Hill, Millerton.'" He looked closer, unbelievably, then shouted, "Ritchie! W. J. Ritchie! Oh, no!"

Ginny snatched the ticket and looked at it, horrified. "Ralph, no! Not Mr. Ritchie from the store! Himself?" Ralph swallowed hard and nodded in dismay.

"Oh, dear!" Ginny moaned. "Will he be mad? Will it spoil everything?"

"I don't know," Ralph said miserably. "Now we've done it!"

Slowly he began packing up the tickets and the sign. Ginny ripped off the crepe paper. Neither spoke. They were too stunned by the realization that, after wanting so many cars to stop, they had had just one too many! And of all people!

Before they were through, the big car pulled up again, this time with someone in the back seat. Ginny and Ralph gasped when they saw their mother and father. Neither of them could find words as they looked miserably at the three people getting out.

Their mother ran to them, throwing an arm around each. "Ginny — Ralph," she said, and her voice sounded shaky.

Ralph found his voice. "Mother... is it all right? I mean..."

Dad came forward then. "It most certainly is all right; we've been

rushed to pieces all day. And, from what Mr. Ritchie has told us, it's all been thanks to you two."

"Oh-h-h," they both sighed in relief. It was almost too good to believe that their parents' hopes were not ruined through their well-meaning scheme after all. "We thought we'd spoiled everything when Mr. Ritchie came along and found us doing this," Ralph added weakly.

"Spoiled it! Why, you should see the orders! And Mr. Ritchie says he has a wonderful opening for your father," said their mother, and her eyes were misty-looking.

Mr. Ritchie gave a little cough. "Well, er . . . yes, well, let's load this stuff into the trunk and get along, eh?"

Seated in the wide front of the car, hearing their parents talking happily about the busy day they had had, Ginny and Ralph squeezed hands in mutual understanding. It had worked, after all.

"You . . . er . . . you still mean to give away your skates to the two winners?"

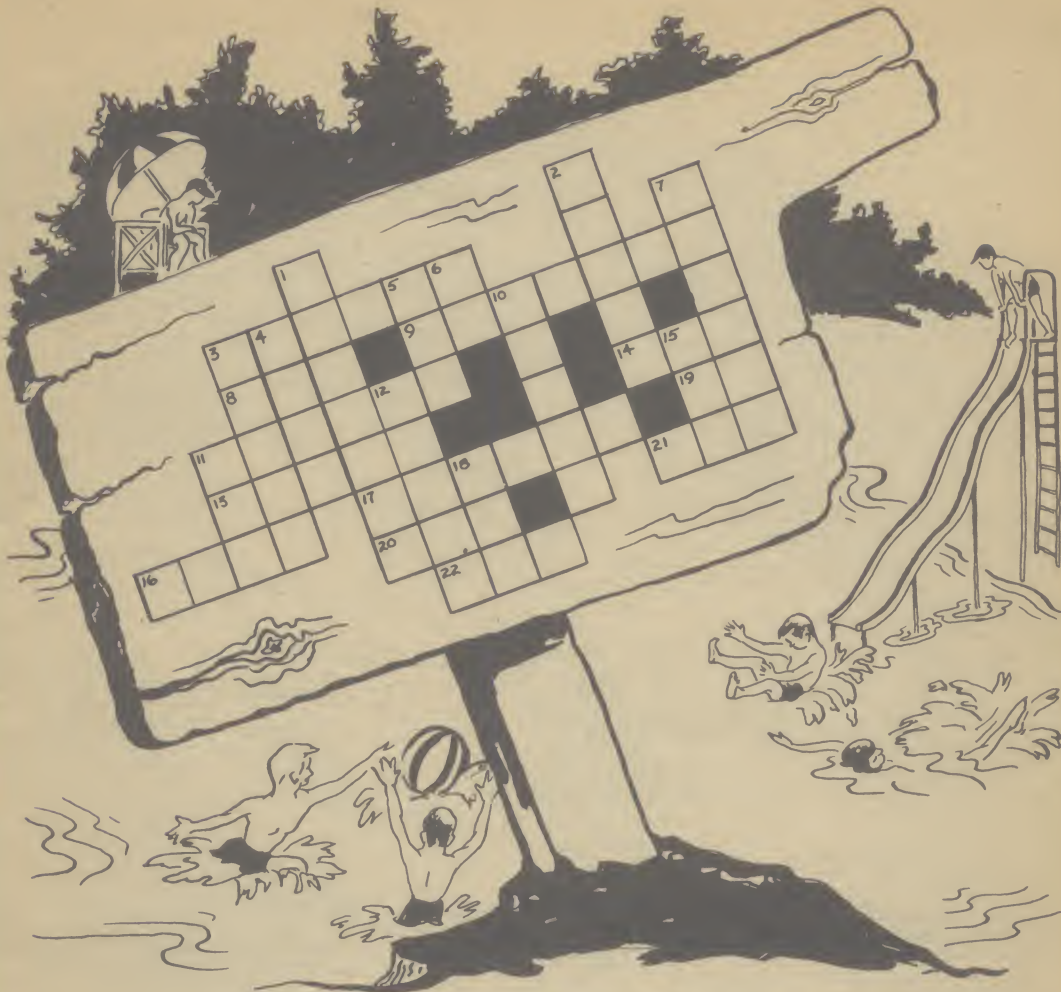
Ralph answered quickly. "Of course. That's only right."

"Good stuff!" Mr. Ritchie winked. "You know . . . employees of a business usually get a discount on anything they buy. I . . . I just have an idea that there are some pretty nice bicycles in stock that wouldn't cost very much with a special discount taken off. Come up and see me when you get moved into town, both of you, right?"

Thanking Mr. Ritchie very, very much, they sprang from the car and raced up to the house to tell their grandparents about their exciting and profitable day.

"It's funny, Ginny," Ralph puffed, as they reached the porch. "We made those tickets to the model home, and they turned out to be tickets to a home of our own as well!"

THE END



SWIMMING POOL PUZZLE

By

CAROL AND JOHN CONNER

Across

3. Inhaling and exhaling air
8. To devour
9. A boat moved by oars
11. Preventing water accidents
13. Performer in a play
14. More than one
16. House where swimmers dress
17. Open a pool that closed for the winter
19. All right
20. Cutting tool with teeth
21. To notice
22. Moisture in small drops

Down

1. Shooting stars
2. Stay on the surface of the water
3. Shore
4. A floating wooden structure
5. To attempt
6. Cry of surprise
7. A swimming movement
10. Substance in which to dive
11. Was seated
12. Keep yourself upright in water
15. Sorrow
18. Be in debt

(Answers on Page 34)

Mystery of the



"What was that noise?"
Jimmy cried excitedly!

Leaning



A tale of mystery and excitement written just for you.

**By
CHARLES COOMBS**

THE TRAIN chuffed away across the flat dry sand of the desert. Jimmy Ryan picked up his small suitcase. He turned toward the weatherbeaten depot just as a taffy-haired girl came driving up in a squeaky buckboard wagon.

"Jimmy!" she cried gleefully. "Welcome to the Leaning K."

"Hi, Carol," Jimmy greeted his cousin. "Boy, it's sure good to get off that hot train. Dusty, too. Got some swell pictures, though."

"Isn't that a new camera since I saw you last?" Carol asked.

"Yep. Brand new," Jimmy said proudly. "Mowed a lot of lawns back in Elmwood to earn it, too. Got a flash gun and everything. Thought I'd take a bunch of pictures during this visit. Make a swell western scrapbook for one of my school projects."

Soon they were jostling along the twin ruts of sand that served as a road to the Leaning K. Carol had been strangely quiet for nearly a mile. Then she turned to him, looking serious. "Jimmy," she said, "strange and mysterious things have been happening at the ranch lately. And . . . and if they don't stop . . . well, Mom and Daddy are worried that we might have to give up the ranch. I . . . I just thought I'd better tell you, so you'll know

Rick Hackney

why if my folks act a little worried."

"Wow!" Jimmy said. "What kind of mysterious things?"

"Well, a week or so ago, Daddy found sand in the carburetor of the gas engine that runs our pump. If he hadn't found it, the engine would have been ruined. And water is just about the most important thing out here."

"I can believe that." Jimmy looked around at the dry mesquite and prickly cactus.

"And someone's been cutting the fences and running the cattle out," Carol went on.

"Rustlers?" Jimmy asked.

"No. They don't steal the cattle. Just scatter them all over the hills. Daddy had to spend most of his time rounding them up and mending fence. We don't have hired help, you know, and... well, Daddy's needed around the ranch. There's lots to do."

"Maybe someone's just trying to get you to leave the Leaning K, Carol," Jimmy said. "But, why?"

"We don't know, Jimmy," Carol shook her head. "We bought the ranch from a man named Luke Baldwin. He owns the next spread up the valley. Daddy still owes him quite a bit of money on the Leaning K. But we're paying it off, and Mr. Baldwin has never pressed him for the money... at least, not until recently."

They drove under the big rustic arch with LEANING K in hand-carved letters across the top. Carol stopped the sorrel while Jimmy jumped down from the buckboard and took a picture. "Make a swell opening picture for my scrapbook," he said, winding up a new frame of film.

Soon he was being greeted by his aunt and uncle. Yet, beneath their outward good cheer, Jimmy sensed a certain strain.

It certainly didn't seem that his few days' stay at the Leaning K was

going to be as full of fun as he had hoped.

"Carol told me, Uncle John," Jimmy said.

"Maybe you shouldn't have, Carol," her tall and deeply tanned father said. "No sense in letting these... these little upsets spoil your and Jimmy's fun."

"You can't call them little, Uncle John," Jimmy insisted. "Not if someone's trying to force you off the Leaning K."

"It does sort of look like that," his uncle admitted. "But why would anyone want us off the ranch? No one else wanted it. Even Luke Baldwin couldn't make it pay."

"But Mr. Baldwin doesn't work hard like you do, Daddy," Carol said.

"Maybe he's lucky," her father smiled tiredly. "We work hard, sink a well, get a herd of cattle well along, and then look what starts happening."

"Where is the well, Uncle John?" Jimmy asked.

"That's it over there on the knoll, Jimmy. The windmill. But when there's no wind, we have to use the gasoline engine. And there's not much wind during this time of year... right when we need water the most. In this country, if you're without water, you're finished. There has been talk about the government running a big irrigation canal through here from the Colorado River. But I haven't heard anything about it lately. Probably just a big dream."

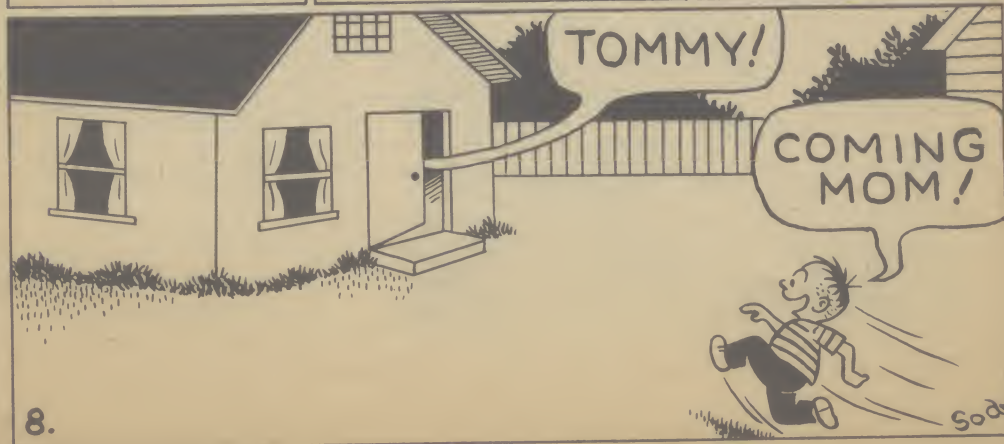
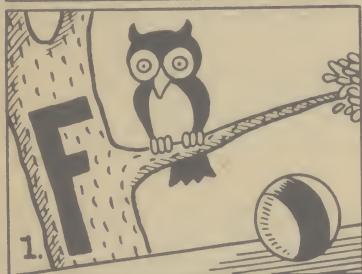
Jimmy and Carol spent the rest of the afternoon horseback riding around the ranch and the hills. Jimmy stopped often to snap a picture. It was fun. But back deep in his mind, and dulling the pleasure, was the thought of the trouble at the Leaning K.

Later that evening, after supper and just before going to bed, Jimmy and Carol wandered outside to look

(Continued on Page 24)

IN WHAT SPORT DO YOU FIND THE FOLLOWING ?

(ANS. ON PAGE 34)



TAKE 200,000 DRAWINGS

By CHARLA HOLMES

YOU HAVE seen many Walt Disney movies but have you ever wondered how these wonderful movies are made? If you asked anyone at the Disney Studio out in Burbank, California, for the recipe, they'd smile and tell you to "Take 200,000 separate drawings, mix thoroughly with sound, add color, sift out the lumps and run through the beater until it bubbles with joy and foams with excitement." But it really isn't that simple.

Before the movie is made, a suitable story must be found—one that will make a colorful and exciting movie. For months there are meetings between writers, artists, directors and musicians about the story. All the problems must be solved before a single pen or brush is put to paper.

Once the problems are solved, an outline of the story is sketched out on the small slips of paper and these papers are mounted in order on large



Top center: The seven dwarfs as seen in "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs"—a great Walt Disney movie production.

Middle: Walt Disney studies the models that helped him plan groupings for "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs."

Left: A young studio visitor watches an artist at his work.



boards called "story boards." These sketches serve as the story guides throughout the years of production. They are constantly being changed when new ideas are added and old ideas are taken away.

In all of the Disney movies the music and conversation are recorded first. Then the drawings are made to fit each word and sound. Once the beginning and ending of a scene have been worked out, artists fill in the many drawings. They work on a drawing board, using pen and ink on transparent paper. After one drawing is completed, another drawing is made. The second drawing is changed just enough to make the movements smooth and natural looking when, later, the entire series of pictures is run through a movie projector.

All through the studio other artists are working on background for the drawings.

When a series of drawings has been approved, it is sent to the painting department. Here girls trace the drawings with pen and ink onto sheets of clear celluloid. Other girls then apply paint to the reverse side of the celluloid.

After the celluloids are finished, they are sent to the camera department. There they are placed over the correct background and photographed in color. The final film strip (as we see it) runs at the rate of 24 individual pictures per second, so many weeks of work may zip through the movie (Continued on Page 42)



Above: Our visitor watches a layout man get backgrounds made for cartoon drawings.

Right: This is how Bashful came to life on the drawing board of an artist. Bashful you will remember from "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs."



MYSTERY OF THE LEANING K (Continued from Page 20)

at the bright stars. They were as thick as tapioca and hung low in the desert sky.

"You can practically pluck them, can't you?" Jimmy said. "I wonder if I could get a picture of . . . hey, hear that?"

"Hear what?" Carol asked.

"A sort of rustling up there in the direction of the windmill!" Jimmy lowered his voice to a whisper.

"Oh, that," Carol said, relieved. "It's a desert fox which brings her kits there for a drink most every night. We've seen them when the moon was out. They're cute."

"Hey," Jimmy whispered excitedly, "maybe I could get a flash picture of them. I'll go get my camera."

"You'd never get close enough, Jimmy."

But the boy had already ducked back into the ranch house. A moment later he was back out with his camera and flash gun all loaded with a bulb. "Come on," he whispered. "We'll sneak up on them."

They made their way cautiously through the sparse growth of sagebrush and mesquite. When they were fairly close under the framework of the windmill, Jimmy heard the rustling sound directly ahead.

Jimmy couldn't tell what it was, or exactly where. He made as close a guess as he could. Then he raised up from behind a bush, pointed the camera and pressed the trigger.

There was a blinding flash. It was followed by a regular explosion of action as a large dark object went crashing away through the brush.

"Jimmy!" Carol cried. "That was no fox! It . . . it was a man! I saw him! Daddy! Oh, Daddy!"

"Uncle John!" Jimmy added his own voice to her cries.

A moment later they were pouring out their story.

"Could you see who it was?" Carol's father asked anxiously.

"No, Daddy," Carol said. "I couldn't. But I know it was a man."

"I saw a white face, Uncle John," Jimmy said. "Just as the flash bulb went off and . . . hey! The film! It will be on the film!"

It didn't take long for them to pack into the ranch truck and bounce across the desert floor toward the nearest town of Mesa.

"Well, there you are," the druggist at Mesa said an hour later as he came out of his darkroom holding up the wet strip of film. "Looks to me like it could be Luke Baldwin."

"It's Luke, all right," Carol's father said as he peered at the negative.

"You sure caught him red-handed, too," the druggist said. "It'll go plenty bad with him in court. Won't make many people around these parts sad, though, I guess. Luke ain't much liked. 'Specially since he's been takin' to grabbin' land . . . what with that new government water project practically set to start."

"I didn't know it was," Uncle John said.

"You just don't get the news way out there at the Leaning K," the druggist smiled. "Why, your land's going to be mighty valuable in a couple years, mister."

"So that was it," Uncle John mused. "He was trying to run me out so he could foreclose on his loan and take back the land. Boy, I thought that kind of stuff had gone the way of the buffalo."

"There's always greed, mister," the druggist said. "Mighty nice picture taking, son. . . . Say, where did those kids go?"

But Carol and Jimmy were out in front of the store, looking at the stars and thinking about what a swell time they were going to have after all.

THE END

THE

JUNIOR CHRISTOPHERS

WE ARE proud to tell you about the Junior Christophers of the fourth and fifth grades at Saint Charles School, Oakes, North Dakota. These J.C.'s have been following a wonderful plan at their weekly meetings: each week they discuss how Christ would act in some situation they meet in the world. One week they discussed Christ-like actions in school; another week, at rising time; another week, at home. Besides this weekly discussion they collect canceled stamps for the missions and do other mission work, too.

Saint Charles' Junior Christophers have written a constitution for their club, and they composed their own aspiration to Saint Christopher; their motto is: "Do as Christ would do at work and play."

A free subscription to **Hi! Magazine** is awarded to Saint John's Orphanage in Fargo, North Dakota, for this fine letter from Saint Charles' Junior Christophers.

And now — it's time to say good-by for a few weeks. **Hi! Magazine** will not be published during July and August, you know, but we are sure that that does not mean Junior Christopher activities will end, because the Junior Christophers are **you**. Perhaps the J.C. If on the next page will give you ideas for a summer that is truly filled with Christ-like activities.

As the weeks of summer pass, please write a letter to us at the J.C. office and tell us how you are getting along with your Junior Christopher summer activities. We will pick out the ten best letters and award a free subscription to **Hi! Magazine** to a children's home or mission in the diocese of each of the writers. Besides this, a lovely silver Saint Christopher medal will be awarded to each of the children who wrote the winning letters.

Send your letters to: **Junior Christopher Summer Activities**, 25 Grove-land Terrace, Minneapolis 5, Minnesota.

Good-by now, dear Junior Christophers. May God bless and keep you all.



Junior Christopher Meditation for June

RULE, O Sacred Heart of Jesus, over our home and bless our daily work. Keep us close to Thee, that we may not stray from Thy love. Keep us from worries; comfort our heartaches, bless our happiness. May the Immaculate Heart of Mary beg You to bring me, my family and my friends closer each day to Your Sacred Heart.

If Mother and Dad were not
around,
And even your friends could not
be found,
How would **you** act? And what
would you be?
A sad do-nothing-er? Or a real
J.C.?



When the days are warm and
the skies are clear
And school is closed for vacation
is here,
Will you, a Christopher, know
what to do
When you are alone with no one
but **you**?

If you were you, and it was rain-
ing outside,
And Dad had canceled that after-
noon ride,
Would you read comic books,
gather dust on your brain,
Or turn to good reading—make
good use of the rain?



If you wake up at seven one nice,
lazy day,
Will you jump from your bed,
ready for play?
Ah! Down a few blocks, there's a
miracle to see . . .
Jesus is re-living Calvary,
Patiently, longingly, He waits for
you.
A Christopher, you? Well, what
will you do?

If you were you,
With no one to
you'd do,



F

just simply you,
know just what



If you wake up all grouchy, off
the wrong side of bed
And thousands of mean
thoughts buzz through your
head,

Do you know the solution to be
happy and gay?

Sacrifice something for someone
today!

Brother's using your bike? Let
him have it a while!

And Sis broke your kite? Just
turn on a smile!

You'll find that Jesus will give you
the grace

To finish the day with a grin on
your face!



If Mother were shopping, no one
in the house,

Would you act like a poor, tired-
out mouse?

Or would you get busy and work
hard that day

Just to see Mother's face and to
hear what she'd say.

If you pass by the church as you
walk down the street,

Can you think of Someone you
really must greet?

Just climb up the steps, kneel near
Him and say:

"Dear Jesus, I love You. Be with
me all day."

If you have some money to spend
on a show,

To what kind of movie will you
really go?

Will you look at the list where
they're marked under "A"

And keep from temptation this
nice summer day?





If you had a garden filled with
wonderful flowers,
Would you make a grotto *there*,
'neath the bowers?
Would you take time to kneel there
and pray
And ask Mother Mary to watch
as you pray?

If you were swimming at the
beach one day
And noticed some young chil-
dren at play
Who didn't seem to be having fun,
For their sand castles fell before
they were done,
And the children were feeling
unhappy and blue—
Would you just stand there and
watch? Would you?

If you are an altar boy, will you
be found
Close by the altar when your
turn comes round?
If the Children's Choir is singing
the Mass,
Will you be there with the rest
of your class?

Though no one may see you or
hear what you do,
Remember that Jesus lives daily
with you.



Hi! Announces the Winners

of the Puppy Dog Contest



Mary Judy Fischer

THE EDITORS of Hi! Magazine are most happy to announce the eleven winners of last February's PUPPY DOG CONTEST.

The very lucky and happy winner of the puppy is MARY JUDY FISCHER of 512 Express Street, Paris, Arkansas. Mary Judy is eight and one-half years old and is in the third grade at St. Joseph School in Paris. Her contest entry was chosen by the judges unanimously as the winner from the thousands of entries that poured in from Hi! Magazine readers all over the country.

In the Count the Dots section of the contest entry blank, Mary Judy correctly counted 635 dots in the drawing of the Empire State building. She wrote a very original and neat paragraph on what she would name the dog if she were the winner. She correctly unscrambled the Jumbled Adventure, and she did the number puzzle correctly. She also did a very correct and artistic job when she finished and colored the drawing.

Many of the boys and girls who entered the contest counted the number of dots correctly or did one of the other contest puzzles right, but remember: Each of the five puzzles represented only 20 per cent of the total score.

Then, too, there are ten very lucky runner-up winners. Each of the runners-up will receive a one-year free subscription to Hi! Magazine, either for himself or for a friend. These winners are:

Emil Robert Zlatich, grade 4, Cathedral School, Portland, Oregon; Jane Kellnhauser, grade 5, St. Mary School, Menasha, Wisconsin; Hugh James Lisko, grade 4, St. Joseph School, Dickinson, North Dakota; Tommy Quinlan, grade 3, St. Bride School, Chicago, Illinois; Terry Swendrowski, age 10, St. Adalbert, Milwaukee, Wisconsin; Marilyn Murphy, grade 6, St. Clement School, Lakewood, Ohio; Thomas J. Sprafka, grade 4, Most Holy Trinity School, Minneapolis, Minnesota; Patricia Ann Behen, grade 5, St. Peter School, Kansas City, Kansas; Janet Althaus, grade 6, Holy Rosary School, La Motte, Iowa; Barbara Burgmaier, grade 5, Our Lady of Lourdes School, Utica, New York.

CONGRATULATIONS to one and all of you! We hope that you, Mary Judy, will have many happy days with your dog both this summer and in the years to come. And we hope that our other ten winners will enjoy getting their free subscription to Hi! Magazine as much as we will enjoy sending it to them.



The BLUE RIBBON

By

HAROLD W. SANDBERG

EVERYONE agreed that Spot was a beautiful dog. Had anyone been curious enough to look at his registration papers, he would have understood why. Spot was his nickname. His real name was Spotiswoode Champion Hero IX, and he came from a long and illustrious ancestry which went back nearly a hundred years. He was an English cocker, white with stippling of pure gold. His father had won five blue ribbons, his mother, Sandcrest Queen, four.

"This is going to be the year," Dan Holland said to his daughter, Elsie. "Two years old now and ready to shine, isn't he?"

"He's beautiful," Elsie said. "Smart, too." Elsie was twelve and Spot was really her dog even if her father handled the training.

Lying in the cool shade of the elm tree, Spot paid little attention to them. If he had his proud moments, this was not one of them. At the moment he didn't care much if he were beautiful or not. He wasn't interested in blue ribbons. There was this feeling of fear and resentment growing in him with each hour, each day—fear for his mistress whom he loved, resentment against Blackie, the Doberman who lived on the other side of the high



Spot was worried and afraid too — but how could he tell Elsie?



picket fence and was, for the most part, chained. Spot did not know why this fear should be in him, but it was there. He wished that he could do more than bark his warning to Elsie Holland. Because Elsie loved all dogs, she feared none of them. She had even tried to make friends with the Doberman, and deep inside of him Spot knew there was danger.

Dan Holland said, "What are you worrying about, Spot?"

Spot looked up, wagged his tail, barked. Then he got up and ran to the picket fence and growled.

"Which reminds me," said Elsie's father. "Don't try to get friendly with that Doberman, Elsie. I think he could be bad medicine."

"Why? I like dogs."

"Dogs and people are a great deal alike in some respects," her father said. "There are good ones and vicious ones. I just talked to George Emory a short time ago. He thinks he's going to send Blackie back to the kennels. He's getting to be afraid of him. He thinks perhaps the Doberman has been mistreated by someone, the surest way to turn a good dog into a bad one. You keep away from him, Elsie, though it may not be necessary. I think he'll be chained from now on since he tried to bite the delivery boy."

"Maybe the boy tried to tease him," Elsie said defensively. "But he is sort of fierce. First time I've ever been afraid of any dog, even a little. I hope Spot never gets bad tempered."

"Spot will be as sweet-tempered as we make him," her father said. "A dog is like a person. If you're beaten or mistreated by those who are supposed to be your friends, you don't like it either. Always remember that."

"I will," she promised. "Could I put Spot through his paces, Dad?"

"I think it's all right. You'll want to handle him yourself someday in a show. But don't work him too long.

Listening to and obeying commands is hard work for a dog, even a smart one like Spot. I'm going downtown now and see that Spot is properly entered and registered for the obedience trials."

Spot went to work willingly enough. He enjoyed working with his young mistress almost as well as with his master, but sometimes because she did not speak clearly enough he became confused. Today he went through all the commands mechanically. He knew what "Sit," "Down," "Run" and "Stay" meant. Standing still for a long time was always the hardest work. He had to stand just so, not move his head or his legs, not even if a fly started buzzing at him. The temptation was very strong to snap at the fly but Spot had learned that it must not be done.

"Perfect," said Elsie. She hugged him. "You're going to be the grandest grand champion of them all, Spot. Just you wait and see."

Spot licked her hand and barked, but the feeling of uneasiness was still in him. He could not seem to overcome that somehow frightening feeling that something, danger perhaps, was in the offing.

A fierce barking followed by low-throated snarls came from next door. Elsie brought out Spot's comb and started to comb the snarls out of his long, silky coat. Most of the time Spot enjoyed the combing and brushing but this day he was restless.

The snarling continued. Finally Elsie put the comb away and looked across the yard. "Goodness," she said. "Some boy is teasing him. No wonder he gets bad tempered." She ran to the fence and Spot followed her, barking his warning to her.

The boy was a big boy that Spot hadn't seen before. He was waving a stick in front of the Doberman, careful to keep at a safe distance when the dog leaped.

"Stop that," Elsie cried. "Aren't you ashamed of yourself teasing a dog?"

The boy didn't pay any attention to her. Instead he started waving the stick again. The Doberman snarled and strained at the chain leash. His body hurdled through the air, once, twice. Each time he was thrown to the ground by the pull of the chain.

Then quite suddenly the boy was screaming at the top of his voice. Spot knew then what must have happened. The chain must have broken and Blackie, full of anger and hate, was chasing him.

"This way," Elsie yelled. "Jump the fence. He's dangerous. He'll bite."

Whether the boy heard or not, he followed the advice. One convulsive leap took him over the picket fence. He gasped as he ran up to Elsie. "Just playing with him. Never saw a dog as mean looking as him."

"Look out!" Elsie screamed.

Spot saw the Doberman coming over the fence in one bounding leap and fled to safety under the porch. This was what had worried him all this day. Someday this would happen and Spot knew that he would have no chance if Blackie took after him. The porch would be the safest place.

Spot crawled way back. There was a lattice under the porch step, and through this he could watch and still be safe. The boy still had his

stick and was trying to fight off the Doberman, but Spot knew that Blackie, furious and enraged now, would never stop no matter how hard the boy hit him.

When Spot looked again, a growl of fear came from his throat. The boy had fled, jumped the other fence, and now the Doberman was racing for Elsie. In another moment he leaped against her, pushed her to the ground. Spot could hear him snarling, growling, as he turned for the attack.

"Stay away! Go away!" Elsie's cry was a frantic scream.

But Blackie sensed victory now. Now he was free, the chain no longer held him. This was another person and he hated all persons. He leaped again. His long teeth caught Elsie's dress, ripped it.

Spot's hair rose on his neck. He barked and growled frantically but was too frightened to move, other than to crawl to the opening and lay there shaking with fear.

"Spot, Spot," Elsie called. "Help me. Help me!"

Spot heard but his legs could not seem to move. He came from under the porch and stood there trembling. Once more the Doberman charged. Once more he came charging past her, a piece of her dress in his mouth. His furious pace made him stumble and roll. He whirled to his feet and started after her again.

"Spot," Elsie cried in terror, and



The chain broke and Blackie, full of anger, began chasing the boy.

this time Spot moved. For another fear had come to him, a greater fear than he had of the black Doberman. This was his mistress calling. She was in danger; she needed him and he must go.



Around and around they went.

He flew at the Doberman, nipped one leg. The Doberman whirled. His fangs snapped at Spot's throat, struck his shoulder instead. A great and searing pain ran through Spot. Blood deluged the gold and white coat. But from somewhere now came a great courage. It was as though his ancestors were barking at him, telling him not to quit, that champions must be champions in all ways.

Spot rolled away from the force of the attack. The Doberman followed his advantage smartly, sharp teeth sinking into Spot's foreleg. Spot whined with pain and then whirled away, came charging back. His teeth caught in the Doberman's throat but he could not hold on. The larger dog brushed him off. Before Spot could regain his balance, the Doberman flew at him. Teeth sunk into one of Spot's long and silky ears. He whirled and tried to get away, then realizing this couldn't be done he caught his teeth into the Doberman's leg and held on. This time it was the other dog who howled and

whined. He let go of Spot's torn ear, broke away entirely and ran limping towards the fence.

Spot lay there, not caring to move, knowing only that the battle was over and that his mistress was safe. She was bending over him and crying, her tears dropping on Spot's face. He raised his head and tried to lick her face but he was much too exhausted.

He heard voices now and knew that he had not driven off the Doberman. This was his master's voice and that of the man next door. They had frightened the Doberman away.

"We'll take him to a veterinarian," Dan Holland said. "I'm afraid he's going to need some attention that we can't give him, Elsie. Though I don't believe there's anything seriously wrong with him." He shrugged then. "May as well call up and cancel his entrance at the dog show. With that ear he'll never be a show dog again. No blue ribbons for Spot, I'm afraid."

"Oh yes, there will," said Elsie softly. She ran into the house. After a time she came out. Spot felt her hands touching him. Something soft and silky was going around his neck. Spot didn't know what it was and didn't care. He just liked the touch of her hands.

"His father's ribbon," Elsie whispered. "To the nicest champion of all."

THE END

SWIMMING POOL PUZZLE ANSWERS

Across	Down
3. Breath	1. Meteors
8. Eat	2. Float
9. Rowboat	3. Beach
11. Safety	4. Raft
13. Actor	5. Try
14. Two	6. Ho
16. Bath	7. Stroke
17. Reopen	10. Water
19. O.K.	11. Sat
20. Saw	12. Tread
21. See	15. Woe
22. Dew	18. Owe



GOD'S STRANGE LIFESAVERS

By MURRAY T. PRINGLE

"Mysterious are the ways of God, His wonders to perform."

YEARs ago, in the midst of a terrible storm at sea, a ship returning to England began to leak so badly that the pumps were unable to pump out water faster than it poured in. Soon, it seemed, the ship would be flooded and sink.



He knelt and prayed to God.

In one of the cabins a wealthy man knelt by his bunk and prayed to God. "Please save our ship and all these poor souls aboard," he prayed. For a long time he knelt there and prayed. Then suddenly a crewman burst into his cabin. "We're saved!" he cried. "Saved. A miracle has happened!"

Surely enough it had. The waters had ceased rising within the ship and the pumps were able to pump it out. Finally carpenters were able to descend into the hold and there they discovered the thing that had saved their ship from sinking.

When the ship reached an English

port and the wealthy man arrived home, he wondered how he might show his thanks to God for having answered his prayer.

"I have it!" he cried. "I shall devote my fortune to helping the poor. I feel sure God would like that!" And that's just what he did. He built an institution where poor boys could receive an education. And on the uniform of each boy he had stenciled the picture of a dolphin.

For you see, God answered that man's prayer by sending him help in a most unusual way. When carpenters had descended into the hold of the ship, they had found a big hole torn in its side. But wedged so tightly in that hole that no more water could enter was a huge dolphin—God's strangest lifesaver. *And that was why the man had a picture of this strange sea mammal sewn on the poor boys' school jackets!*



THE END



The Girl Whose Poetry Built a Refuge

By MARGUERITE McCLAIN

ALMOST one hundred and twenty-five years ago a baby girl was born in a large house in Bedford Square in London, England. She was named Adelaide Ann, and all we know about her early life is that she loved the sound and rhythm of words much as other children love the sound of music. Before she had learned to write, Adelaide Ann was composing bits of verse, such enchanting verse that her mother always took time to write it carefully in her album.

Adelaide's father was a well-known writer, and many famous people came to visit in the house in Bedford Square. Among these was Charles Dickens. As Adelaide grew older, she was often tempted to ask Mr. Dickens to publish one of her poems in his weekly magazine. But, as she reasoned it out, Mr. Dickens was such a kind-hearted man he would probably print her poem simply because he was a friend of her father's. And then she would have no way of knowing whether he had really liked it or not!

After much thinking, Adelaide decided on a plan. She copied one of her best poems and mailed it to Mr. Dickens' office, under the name of Mary Berwick. A letter, she said, would reach her addressed to a library in the western district of London.

Mr. Dickens was delighted with the poem, although of course he had

no idea who had written it. It was two years later that he discovered, quite by accident, that the mysterious "Mary Berwick" was really the shy, black-haired Adelaide Procter!

When Adelaide was twenty-six years old, she became converted to the Catholic faith. As always, she found the best way to express her happiness was through her poetry. One of the loveliest is called "The Names of Our Lady." Each of the many verses is headed by a different name for Our Lady, and the author asks herself if this is the name that is best. Our Lady of the Rosary, Bright Queen of Heaven, Mother of Sorrows are among them . . . and then at last, Mary:

"The dearest name of all,
The holiest and best;
The first low word that Jesus
lisp'd,
Laid on His mother's breast."

Another lovely poem written to The Blessed Virgin is called "Evening Chant":

"Strew before Our Lady's
picture
Gentle flowers, fair and sweet;
Hope and fear and joy and
sorrow,
Place, too, at her feet.

"All night long will Mary listen,
While our pleadings, fond and
deep

Because of a poem a refuge for the poor was once opened.



She wrote of the things
that filled her heart.

Charles Lumsden

On their scented breath are
rising

For us — while we sleep."

It was about this time that Adelaide's heart was saddened at the sight of hundreds of homeless children wandering through the streets of London. And there was so little she could do! All of Adelaide's pity for these sufferers was expressed in a poem called "The Homeless Poor."

In this poem she tells of two angels who come to earth on Christmas eve. The angel of prayers smiles at the churches filled with worshippers, but the angel of deeds says that prayers are not enough and that the Infant Jesus still seeks shelter in the form of a homeless Child. Adelaide finished her poem with an appeal for these children.

"Jesus then and Mary still are
with us—

Night will find the Child and
Mother near.

Waiting for the shelter we deny
Them

While we tell Them that we hold
Them dear."

This poem and others like them started a great wave of sympathy for the homeless poor of England. In 1860 the first Catholic Refuge for the Homeless Poor was opened, on a

street called Providence Row. It must have seemed very fitting to Adelaide that this refuge had formerly been a large stable. The refuge contained forty-five beds, and hours before opening time, long, patient lines of women and children would form outside the door.

Protestants and Catholics alike were admitted, and the Sisters of Mercy in charge supplied them with supper and breakfast. Each evening, instruction in the Catechism was given. Adelaide writes that "the advice, sympathy, and help these poor inmates receive from the kind Sisters must be a rest to their weary hearts."

Perhaps the most famous of Adelaide's many poems is "The Lost Chord." Later this poem was set to music, and it is still considered one of our loveliest pieces of semi-religious music.

"Seated one day at the organ,
I was weary and ill at ease,
And my fingers wandered idly
Over the noisy keys.

"I do not know what I was
playing
Or what I was dreaming then,
But I struck one chord of music
Like the sound of a great Amen.

"It may be that death's bright
angel
Will speak in that chord again;
It may be that only in heaven
I shall hear that grand Amen."

"Death's bright angel" came to Adelaide Procter when she was thirty-nine years old. She died as quietly and gently as she had lived. Except for "The Lost Chord," her poems are now found only on collectors' bookshelves. But the tenderness and sympathy she felt for the poor and homeless still exist in the large modern institutions that followed that first Catholic refuge in a former stable on Providence Row.

THE END





An idea you will surely love — By JULIE HOLMES

During the cool spring months you might fill some time making a vacation notebook. You can find out a lot about your vacation spot that way and maybe help your parents with the plans.

Let's take one vacation plan and see how you might make a notebook about it. You will need a looseleaf notebook, paste, scissors, pencil and a lot of old magazines as well as a good map.

Suppose you are going to a cottage on a lake in a near-by state. Your index could read:

1. The place.
2. How we get there.
3. What we take.
4. What we wear.
5. The route we travel.
6. Places of interest we pass.
7. What to do there.
8. Flowers and birds we will see.

Doesn't that give you some ideas?

For number 1—the place—you can find a picture of a cottage beside a lake and paste it in. Then leave some blank pages for the snapshots you will take when you get there. You will also find post cards and souvenirs in towns near the lake.

For section 2—How we get there—you will need a picture of a car, boat or train depending on how your family will travel.

Section 3—What we will take—will need some family discussion. Your folks will probably let you take a few toys for rainy days. Make a list and see if you can find such pictures to paste in. Then there will be beach balls, sand toys, innertubes and first-aid equipment.

Section 4—What we will wear—will depend on how you plan to live. Mostly you'll paste in pictures of play clothes, swim suits, sweaters and a few dress-up clothes for Sundays and trips to town. It will help Mother a lot if each child has a clear idea of how much to take—how many pairs of socks, etc.

Section 5 will be fun because you will have to check a map to see what route to take. Draw a small map of what main cities you will pass.

Section 6 will depend on your map, too. Check what important landmarks you will pass—famous birth places, caves, power plants, forts, falls or parks. If you are going by car, it's always fun to stop at some of these places. Your dad won't take the time to stop everywhere, but maybe he will let you choose two or three stops. Find pictures and information about all the places for your notebook, then you can choose the ones that will interest your family the most. Leave spaces for the literature and pictures you will

find at each stop. You can learn a lot about our great country by being familiar with the places in it.

Section 7 can be filled with pictures of things you will do when you get to the cottage. Cut out people swimming, fishing, having picnics and marshmallow roasts.

Section 8 may require a trip to the library for bird and flower books. Each part of our country has a different type of growth. It will be interesting to know what kind of new flowers you will see and what birds nest there. Pictures you collect will help you identify what you see on your vacation. Save some pages in that section for pressed flowers and leaves.

These sections we have talked about will suit almost any vacation whether it is a camping, a boating, a sea shore or a mountain trip. You may think of others you would like to add.

See what fun a vacation notebook can be? It is fun three times! It will keep you busy now—it will help you be familiar with your temporary home while you are there—and next winter it will give you happy memories when you look it over again.



A Sister for Jerry (Continued from Page 7)

per's cage, and the crow caw-w-ed a protest.

"You can go back to sleep in a minute, fellow. I just want to look..." Jerry bent down and flooded the cage with light. There was the ring, sparkling away in one corner of the cage!

Jerry chuckled. "I always heard that crows were thieves. And now I know they are..." He held the ring tight in his hand and ran back to the house.

They couldn't praise him enough. They couldn't see how anyone could have been smart enough to figure out that Pepper had taken the ring! "It wasn't anything," Jerry said modestly. "I just remembered that Pepper was in the dining room when Lawrence showed it to me. And I know how he likes shiny glass, so I decided he might like diamonds, too." He looked down at the ring

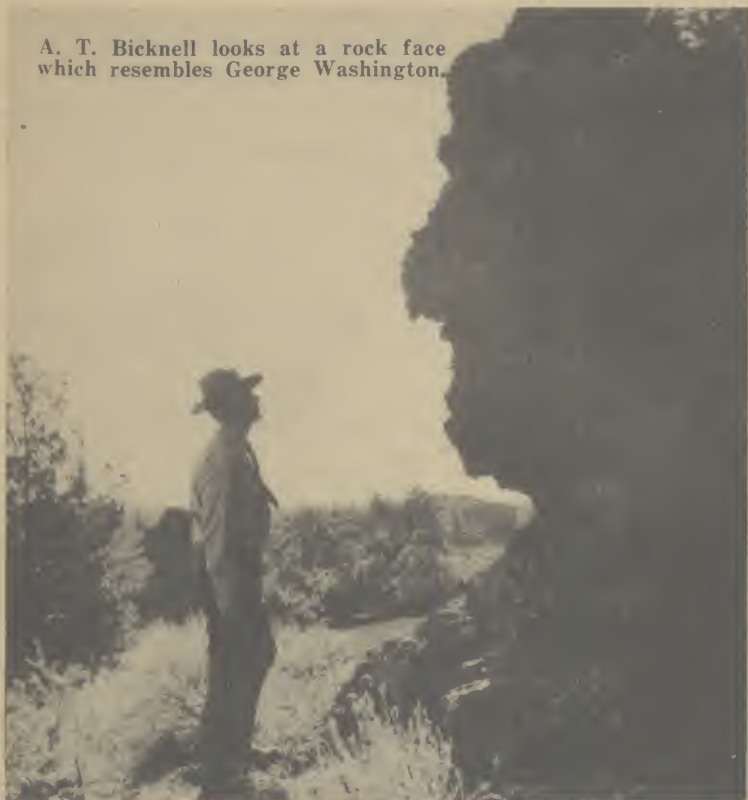
and thought that he had never seen anything quite so beautiful. And now Lawrence wouldn't have to buy another one. Now he could buy Estelle that something special that she wanted. . . .

It was still a secret, that something special. Estelle didn't know about it. But Lawrence got Jerry into the corner and whispered in his ear. "A canoe, Jerry . . . to keep up at our cottage at the lake. I'll be working in town all summer, except for week ends. But you and Bill and Tom will be there. The four of you will have a great time. . . ."

"Sure we will," Jerry answered happily. A brand-new canoe. Boy, wouldn't that be something! And a brand-new sister who was willing to admit she didn't know a lot, but was willing and anxious to learn . . . why, that was something, too!

THE END

A. T. Bicknell looks at a rock face which resembles George Washington.



By **WILBERT N. SAVAGE**

THE ENTIRE population of this state is far less than that of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. Yet, ranking twelfth in area, it is unequaled in many ways as a land of recreation and scenic beauty.

The great Shoshone Falls, "The Niagara of the West" — actually 46 feet higher than the real Niagara — is in this state. We can also find there some of the world's largest fruit orchards. And not to be forgotten are the "Craters of the Moon," a strange area filled with burned-out cinder cones and hollow pits where angry volcanoes once erupted and poured out many acres of wavy black lava. One huge chunk of molten rock has a "profile" claimed by many to resemble George Washington. (See photo.)

This is the land of the Bitterroot Mountains, the Snake River, memorable landmarks of the old Oregon Trail, and sprawling Indian reservations with a population of about 5,000. The land of timber, wheat, hay, lead mines — and even curious sugar-white sand dunes ranging from ten to 100 feet high!

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Six different states and Canada touch the borders of this vast territory west of the Rockies. Mountain peaks within the state rise to a height of 12,655 feet, and a dizzy canyon cut by the Snake River is at one point 7,960 feet deep!

Lewis and Clark led the parade of the pioneers to this state. The St. Joe River, upon which they traveled briefly, is the highest navigable river in the United States.

The state capital, which stands on the site of an old fur trading post, is surrounded by trees planted by Presidents Taft, Harrison and Theodore Roosevelt.

Admitted to the Union in 1890, this state has little more than ten per cent of its ground under cultivation. Put together the second, fifteenth, ninth, nineteenth and fifth

letters of the alphabet and you will have spelled the name of the state capital.

Answer: Idaho

Take 200,000 Drawings

(Continued from Page 23)

projector in ten or fifteen seconds.

Finally the scenes are put together to form the long movie strip. The movie is viewed by a special audience who decides whether the movie is all right or whether it needs more work.

Anyway, when you and I see the wonderful Walt Disney movies, we hardly realize that years of work by hundreds of people have gone into making the 90 minutes of entertainment we love so much.

THE END

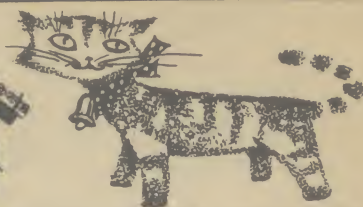
RELIGIOUS NEWS PHOTO



CATHOLIC Boy Scouts from Camp Sequoyah, Pennsylvania are going to confession to their retreat master, Father Lewis. He heard their confessions from the car because there was no church or vacant building near by.



PETS



JOEY

Our pet is a dog, not a regular dog but a very different one. He is a Kerry Blue Terrier. All the tricks he knows, he has taught himself. One of them is that every time we have corn on the cob he has to have some, too, and he eats it right off the cob. Another trick is waking us up in the morning. He bounces in on the bed and takes the covers in his mouth. He pulls them off by backing up. He talks, too. When you ask him a question, he goes, "Grrr!" in his throat. He was two years old on October 1. He is a wonderful pet, and everyone likes him.

Joanell Breen
6626 West Devon
Chicago, Illinois

PRIZE WINNER BLACK BEAUTY

You may think that Black Beauty is a queer name for a dog, but I'll tell you how she got it. I've always wanted to own a horse or a pony. So when I got my dog I couldn't think of a name to call her. Then I remembered about a movie that I had seen about a horse named Black Beauty. Since my dog was all black except for a small white stripe under her chin, I decided to name her Black Beauty. So now you know how my dog got her name.

Marien O'Brien, 11
5520 Forest Avenue
Kansas City, Missouri

PRIZE WINNER MR. TROUBLEMAKER

I have a parakeet named Percy. He is a funny little animal. Whenever I let him out of his cage he flies right to the mirror. One day Percy chewed up one of mother's plants. Mother said, "Next time that happens feathers will fly." Percy is a blue-green parakeet. Even if he is a pest, he's still "My Percy."

Mary Landwehr, 10
St. John School
Seymour, Wisconsin

PRIZE WINNER

MITTENS

Most girls and boys have pets, so I asked for one, too. My daddy told me I would have to take special care of one, and I promised that I would. One cold winter evening after school I was surprised to find a black and white rabbit on our back porch. When I went to pet him, he nibbled on my mitten. That is why I call him Mittens.

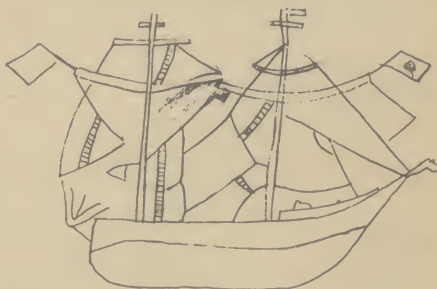
Marilyn Tower, 10
SS. Peter and Paul School
Mankato, Minnesota

TIMMY

My turtle, Timmy, is two years old and is green except for two red marks on his neck. In the morning Timmy is the first one to rise and at night the first to retire. Timmy has a good appetite because he eats anything I give him. His favorite meal is a big fly. Everyone in our family likes Timmy except Rusty our dog. When Rusty barks Timmy shrinks his neck into his shell, but I think that he will get used to Rusty in time.

Ronnie Poslusney
St. Wenceslaus School
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

PRIZE WINNER



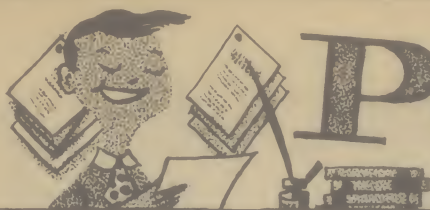
VIKING SHIP

Danny V. Heuvel, 11
121 S. Washington Street
Kimberly, Wisconsin



Tell us about your pet!

**Send your letter to: PETS, 25 GROVELAND TERRACE,
MINNEAPOLIS 5, MINNESOTA**



POETS

PRIZE WINNER

THE BEAUTY OF GOD'S WORK

The beauty of God's work
People never see today
For they are in too big a hurry
On their reckless way.

They spray the highways and lanes,
Kill the little flowers and trees,
Which spoils the beautiful scenery
Which God meant to be.

Have you ever walked in the woods . . .
The heavenly peace it brings you . . .
The scent of all the little wild flowers . . .
The music of the birds and bees? . . .

This is some of God's lovely work
Which people today never see;
The beauty of God's work
Is everywhere if we only look.

Betty Lou Peltit, 11
Holy Trinity School
Somerset, Ohio

DEAR JESUS

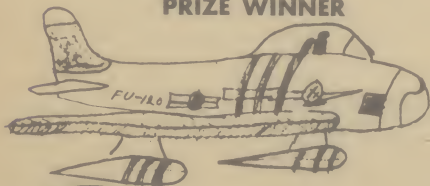
Everyone loves Jesus —
He is so very kind.
He knows all we do and say
And what is on our mind.

We talk to Him each morning
As we say our prayers.
We pray for souls who are climbing
Up the Golden Stairs.

For the time is coming
When I'll have to go.
Dear Jesus will be waiting
For me there, I know.

Patricia Dean, 8
St. Michael School
Ridge, Maryland

PRIZE WINNER



SEA PLANE

Brian Garvey, 12
St. Francis School
Brainerd, Minnesota



A HOUSE

Mary E. Pfannenstiel
Sacred Heart School
Salina, Kansas

PRIZE WINNER

OUR FLAG

There it stands our Flag so true,
It is made of three colors,
red, white and blue.
It has forty-eight stars and
thirteen bright stripes,
It has all the Glory, the
bright stars and stripes.

There it stands our Flag so true,
With those beautiful colors,
red, white and blue.
It was made by Betsy Ross,
a woman so dutiful.
For she loved our new country
which was ever so beautiful.

Julia Wiegertling, 11
St. Peter Claver School
Sheboygan, Wisconsin

PRIZE WINNER

MY SISTER

I have a baby sister —
Her eyes are big and blue.
I think she's the sweetest darling,
And Mommy and Daddy do, too.

Her hair is chestnut brown,
Her feet so sweet and small,
She has the cutest fingers,
And she isn't very tall.

When she goes to bed at night,
I pray dear God will keep her.
She looks just like an angel
In her little pink flannel sleeper.

Gloria Van Ess, 9
St. Mark School
Two Rivers, Wisconsin



PAGES

We would like to receive a poem that you have made up yourself.
Send it to: **POET'S PAGES, 25 GROVELAND TERRACE,
MINNEAPOLIS 5, MINNESOTA**

THE FEAST OF THE SACRED HEART OF JESUS

The Feast of the Sacred Heart
of Jesus is in June.

It will be coming very,
very soon.

We go to mass and pray,
And make Jesus happy
on His feast day.

Barbara Totine
St. Aloysius School
Audubon, New Jersey

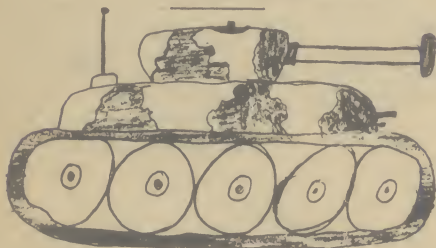
PRIZE WINNER

A CATHOLIC BOY

I am just a Catholic boy,
Full of happiness and joy.
God made me that way,
And that's the way I want to stay.

At night when I come in from play,
Before I go to bed I pray
To the Blessed Mother on high
That she will bless and keep me nigh.

Kevin McCauley, 11
St. Charles School
Woburn, Massachusetts



TANK

Dick Flesh
St. Brides School
Chicago, Illinois

YOUR MEDAL

Your miraculous medal
You wear every day.
You carry your rosary
And use it to pray.

Karen Pacella, 10
Elizabeth Seton Academy
Riverdale, New York



PREACHER ROE

Robert Milske
St. Leo School
St. Paul, Minnesota

PRIZE WINNER

HOW BIRDS FIRST LEARN TO SING

How do birds first learn to sing?
From the whistling wind so fleet,
From the waving of the wheat,
From the rustling of the leaves,
From the raindrops on the eaves,
From the children's laughter sweet,
From the splash where brooklets meet?

Sandy Carr, 8
St. Bruno School
San Bruno, California

THE MOLE

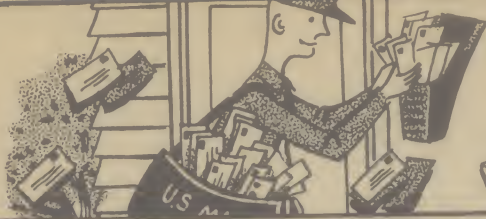
There was a little mole,
He lived in a hole.
He climbed out of the ground
And gathered food all around.
Then he went back to his hole
Because he was a mole.

Phillip Miller
St. Patrick School
Louisville, Kentucky

CANDLES

The little white candles in the church
Twinkle like the stars above.
And whom do you think they twinkle for?
They twinkle for the God of Love.

Jo Ann Canty, 11
St. Joseph School
Batavia, New York



MR. MAIL

Send your Mr. Mailman letter to:
MR. MAILMAN, 25 GROVELAND TERRACE, MINNEAPOLIS 5, MINNESOTA

A FAIRY DANCE

When the season of autumn comes to its destination, it seems as if the beautiful fairies come out to do their gaily-colored musical dances. Their dances possess qualities that delight the senses. Their prismatic hue resembles rust, gold and scarlet. Others are speckled, yellowish brown, dull green and bright yellow. As they make an irregular motion through the air, the leaves make a crackling sound. It seems as if they make an occupation for amusement by playing tag. Finally the leaves that look like fairies come tumbling down to the ground only to be trampled on and to perish.

Charlotte Fabich, 10
 St. Wenceslaus School
 Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania



BACKWOODS

Chester Rzonca, 9
 Sacred Heart School
 New Britain, Connecticut



MY ACCORDION

I play the accordion for a pastime, and find it quite enjoyable. I have been taking accordion lessons for over a year—as a matter of fact almost two years. I take my lessons at the West Bend School of Champions. My teacher's name is Miss Shirley Wilke. When I first began taking lessons I had a 12 bass blue marble accordion, then a 120 red marble accordion, and about two weeks ago I got a new seven switch red marble accordion. I am very proud of it. My best friend, Janet Schuler, also takes lessons. She does exceptionally well. Now I play songs like "My Hero," "Lady of Spain" and Midnight in Paris."

Geraldine Becker, 11
 SS. Peter and Paul School
 Kiel, Wisconsin



FIREFLY

James Eichman, 11
 Brother Dutton School
 Beloit, Wisconsin

MY SURPRISE

Last summer I went to the White Mountains. On our way I asked my mother why White Mountains are white. My mother said that the mountains are not white, they just look white from far away. It is a good thing I asked her because I would have been disappointed. I am glad I asked my mother.

Lucille Luiernoche
 All Hallows School
 Moosup, Connecticut

PRIZE WINNER

SAINT MARY SCHOOL

I would like to tell you about our new St. Mary School. It has a statue of the Mother of God at the front entrance. It has ten classrooms, an art room, a large gym, a cafeteria, an office and a basement. We have a basketball team that I'm most proud of. We have a carnival every year before Lent. We are grateful to the Sisters of Notre Dame for teaching us.

Mary Gretchen Schmid, 9
 St. Mary School
 Worthington, Minnesota

MAN'S BAG



A CURIOUS HOME

One day last week I was digging around some shrubbery when I noticed a clod of dirt. At the top of it was a little round-shaped trap door. I looked in the Child-craft book and found out it was the home of the trap-door spider. This spider burrows a home in the ground. He first lines it with a coating of saliva and earth and then with a layer of silk. The door is usually constructed of dirt, silk and leaves. But the cutest thing about it, I think, is the little trapdoor on a hinge.

David Curvin, Grade 6
Rosary School
Oklahoma City, Oklahoma

PRIZE WINNER COURAGE

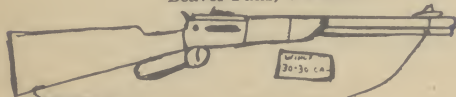
Not all people have courage. It is hard to be brave. It is hard to confess to a crime and say, "I did it." It may be dangerous to help someone or to save a person from a fire. So if you're called upon to do some dangerous task, just say a few prayers and ask God to help you. He will always help you and answer your prayers.

Catherine Ann Bruck, 11
St. Mary Magdalen School
Melvindale, Michigan

PRIZE WINNER MOM AND DAD

I've got the most wonderful mom and dad in the world. I've got so much to thank them for. Oh, Mom, I've been so bad to you at times when I've talked back. And Dad, he is the most wonderful, wonderful person you've ever met. Sometimes I think I shall be a very good girl. I promise the Lord to obey them as long as I live.

Gerriann Goff, 10
St. Mary School
Beaver Falls, Wisconsin



WINCHESTER 30-30

Gene Klump
1165 Park Avenue
Newport, Kentucky



PRIZE WINNER



JESUS AND MARY

Marilyn Struck
Stanislaus School
Binghamton, New York

PRIZE WINNER OUR INSTRUCTIONS

In our parish we have our religious instructions on Wednesdays and Saturdays. Since we do not have a Catholic school where I live we go just twice a week. We have 67 children in our class. It is pretty hard for our Sister Christine to work with us since there are so many children. We have a new church in Alexandria. It is beautiful inside. If you ever come up to Alexandria be very sure to visit it.

Barbara Struxness, 10
804 Cedar Street
Alexandria, Minnesota

PICTURE PUZZLE ANSWERS

Baseball

- | | |
|--------------|-------------|
| 1. Foul ball | 5. Fly |
| 2. Bat | 6. Umpire |
| 3. Catcher | 7. Pitcher |
| 4. Bases | 8. Home run |



PRIZE WINNER

LEATHERCRAFT

My hobby is leathercraft. I have made a billfold, pen and pencil holder and many other things. The last thing I made was the pen and pencil holder. I worked at it when I had some spare time and I hope you will try this interesting hobby. The leathercraft set can be obtained at almost any store.

Janet Sohmeling, 11
Sacred Heart School
Hales Corners, Wisconsin



HIPPOPOTAMUS

Chris Eagan, 9
St. Anne School
Seattle, Washington

HOBBIES ARE FUN

Do you have a hobby? My hobby is collecting miniature dolls. I now have 15 dolls in my collection. Every Christmas I receive one from my family. I know you would enjoy this hobby also. Why don't you start a hobby of your own and see how much fun you would have?

Joan Sachs
St. Anthony School
Baltimore, Maryland



**Tell us about your hobby! Send your letter to:
Hobby House, 25 Groveland Terrace
Minneapolis 5, Minnesota**

PRIZE WINNER



HORSE AND COLT

Ann Melanie Gibbs, 11
St. Aloysius School
Cincinnati, Ohio

MY HOBBY

My hobby is reading books. I have read books such as *Abe Lincoln*, and *Mystery at the Little Red Schoolhouse*. It is fun to read if you know good books. The way for me to know if a book is good or not is to look at the title and read a few pages. You don't have to be an expert reader to enjoy books.

Marcinne Tinnell, 9
St. Anne School
Houston, Texas

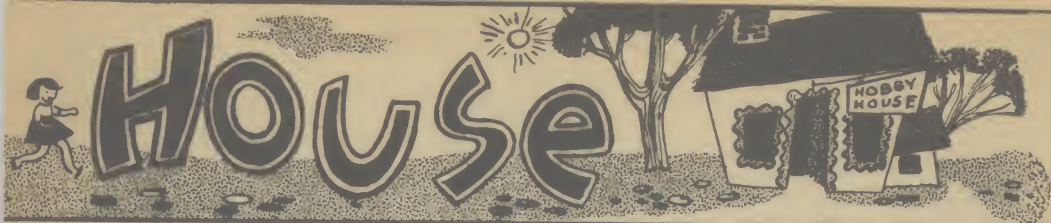
PRIZE WINNER

STOREKEEPER HELPER

My hobby is collecting mystery books. So far I have twenty. I often read them over and over to get the whole story in my mind. Then I tell a little about each book to my friends to get them interested so they will buy the book downtown. I am usually called "Storekeeper's Helper." I enjoy this hobby of mine very much.

Sharon Cholewinski, 11
St. Mary School
Fond du Lac, Wisconsin





WONDERLAND

When I look at my collection of story-book dolls my mind drifts off to a wonderland of magic people and places. I could sit by the hour and pretend my dolls are people from another land. I have a missionary doll, a Japanese doll, a bride doll and bridegroom doll. I also have Mr. and Mrs. Santa Claus dolls.

Kathy Papacek, 9
Visitation School
Tacoma, Washington

MY HOBBY

My hobby is collecting post cards. I have 99 postcards. There are some from the 24 states besides Canada, Alaska, Japan, Italy and France. It is an interesting hobby.

Patricia Bildstein, 10
Rural Route 2
Dyersville, Iowa

PIGEONS

My hobby is collecting pigeons. I have around 20 to 25 pigeons. I have some tumblers, fantails and one archangel, six white pigeons and ten blue ones. Some of them are from Spain. I bought the archangel for \$5. It is from Spain.

Richard Rinke, 13
Holy Family School
Eudora, Kansas

PRIZE WINNER



UNDER THE SEA

Richard Leicht, 11
Immaculate Conception
School
Detroit, Michigan

PRIZE WINNER



Kenneth Duerr, 9
St. Michael School
St. Michael, Minnesota

DOLLS OF THE NATIONS

My hobby is collecting dolls of various nations. I have dolls from Switzerland, Holland, Africa, Palestine and my latest Mexican dolls, which are all gaily dressed. In addition to these I have many beautiful story book dolls.

Dorothy Jean Cox, 10
Epiphany School
St. Louis, Missouri

CALENDARS

My hobby is collecting calendars. I have calendars from 1930 to 1952. I like my hobby very much. I keep the calendars on a shelf, which is full. I am sure if you started collecting calendars you would like it as much as I do.

Kathleen Mollay, 10
St. Patrick School
Parsons, Kansas

REALLY?

Helen: "Is your dog very smart?"

Margie: "He sure is. All you have to do is say, 'Are you coming in or aren't you?' and either he comes in or he doesn't."

Richard Tickner
SS. Peter and Paul School
Glencoe, Minnesota

NO, MOTHER

Mrs. Smith: "James, didn't I see you and Joe fighting in the street?"

Her son: "Of course not, we were just trying to separate each other."

Kenneth Wolfel
St. Mary School
Chilton, Wisconsin

PRIZE WINNER THE SLOW WRITER

Sally: "What are you doing?"

Jack: "I'm writing a letter to my cousin."

Sally: "Why are you writing so slowly?"

Jack: "Because my cousin can't read fast."

Joel Marshik
4600 W. 39th Street
St. Louis Park, Minnesota

PRIZE WINNER LOOK AGAIN

First Banker: "You say you're looking for a cashier. I thought that you hired one last week."

Second Banker: "I did. That's the one we're looking for."

Rosemary Carpenter
St. Matthias School
Chicago, Illinois

Send your jokes to:
to:

Popping-Off

Hi! A Catholic Magazine
for Growing-Ups
25 Groveland Terrace
Minneapolis 5, Minnesota



PRIZE WINNER BETTER IDEA

(A brother and sister were putting nails in the wall so they could hang up pictures.)

Sister: "Shall I hammer this nail in, myself?"

Brother: "If I were you I'd hammer it in the wall."

Philip Kahler, Grade 5
St. Brigid School
Baltimore, Maryland

MAN OR MOUSE

Jim (trying to talk Tim into a dark closet): "Are you a man or a mouse?"

Tim: "Pass the cheese, please."

Judith Miller
St. Joan of Arc School
Detroit, Michigan

PRIZE WINNER O.K. YESTERDAY

Dad: "There's something wrong with my shaving brush."

Son: "That's funny. It was all right yesterday when I painted my bicycle."

Elizabeth Gately
St. Bride's School
Chicago, Illinois

THE HOT DOG

Bob: "What is the best thing to put into a hot dog sandwich?"

Sis: "I don't know."

Bob: "Your teeth."

Harry Holbrock
613 McWilliams Street
Cincinnati, Ohio

PRIZE WINNER YOU CAN'T WIN

Teacher: "Spell kitten, please."

Pupil. "k-i-i-t-t-e-n."

Teacher: "Wrong."

Pupil: "Why?"

Teacher: "Because kitten has only one i."

Pupil: "That's funny; my kitten has two eyes."

James De Muth, 9
East Lawn School
Paxton, Illinois

Here Walked God!

Everywhere His wee foot touched
Upon this barren sod,
A flower sprang to greet Him —
This tiny Baby God.

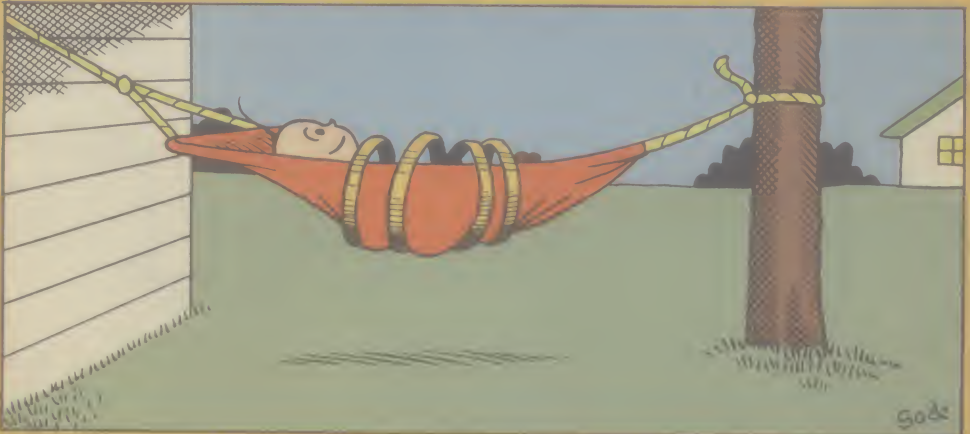
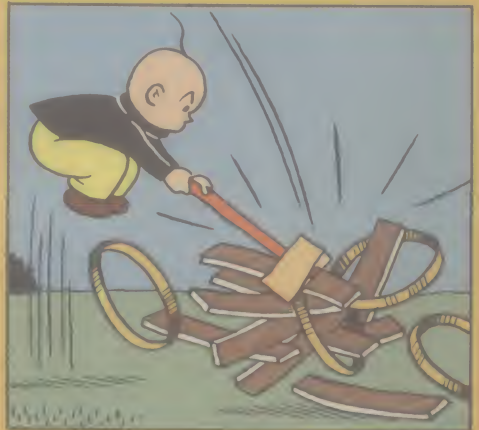
The lily tall with chalice cup,
The rosebud with its thorn,
The laughing, dancing daffodil
Of His sweet press was born.

The earth is far more beautiful
Since on it once He trod.
See — flowers tell you everywhere:
"Here walked God!"

Sister Mary Emmanuel, S.M.
Art suggested by
Sister Marie Lucille, S.M.



MUGS



Gode